BY WALTER DE LEON.

## Humor, Love and the Hunted Criminal.

TANN ran the late shift at Tthe Plaza in Los Angeles, every night from 7:30 till 2. Which was why almost any night you'd see little fellow. Flash Fanchon, the featherweight; Spider Welsh, the jockey, and Silent Sam Simmons, who ran the poolroom the street, dropping in for s cup of Java and a kidding match with Jane. And always standing outside between trips was the taxi belonging to Louis Spinola, whose mother was still banking his savings only because Jane had had a pint of blood to spare the time the old

lady was in the hospital. detective, who picked himself to marry Jane, looked at the cup of coffee she gave him one night and shook his head.

"Don't give me no cracked cup," he said, shoving it away. "It's bad luck. I ain't going to drink out of no cracked cup for a couple of weeks anyway. I got a hunch about five thousand berries is going to fall my way and I don't want to discourage it none." "Where's it going to fall from?"

asked Jane, filling up another cup

Big Bill lowered his voice. "The K.guy. A yegg the bankers' association is offering five thousand to

"Check-passer?" I asked. Big Bill nodded. "Cashed four thousand dollars' worth of checks on the First National Bank of Lullston, W. Va., before anybody thought to ask was there a First National in Lullston. There wasn't. He was J. was in New York. Pittsburgh donates about three thousand to M. M. Milliken. On his way to Chicago he stops off at Cincinnati and collects ten thousand on doctored certified checks payable to R. K. Keans. Always a K in the name somewhere,

"What does he look like?" Jane

"He don't look the same in any two towns," Bill grinned. "In New York he was a banker in town for the bankers' convention. In Pittsburgh he was a salesman for a Connecticut hardware concern. In Cincy he showed pretty letters of credit and Spanish introductions ond page, which announced the fact from Buenos Aires. He spent two that Prince Ptolemy Ptarmigan, etc., weeks in New Orleans waiting on etc., who traced his ancestry back to tables in the restaurant across from the jail, listening to the plans the note thanking the boys for the information." "What makes you think he's com-

ing this way?" Jane asked. "They almost got him in San Antone. Tex., a month ago, but he gayly some K checks appear in El Paso, but when they go for him he ain't

Bill eased down off his stool. and he walked out. "Talking about jobs," I said, "my

out if any of the boys need a couple | hand-picked Piccadilly accents. of weeks' work, Jane."

AS Jane walked toward the other chap, maybe twenty-five or so, his do you suppose he picked on our brown eyes following Jane. As I outfit?" His face and hands were clean, but licity given Tut-ankh-Amen. I saw the red and black rim under and sting of dirt and pebbles chucked

"May I share your table, mister?" There was a squint in his eye and a comical break in his high-pitched voice that would make any one grin. I offered him a cigarette. Refusing it, waited for Jane to finish talking to Flash Fanchon. Then he spoke up in his funny way.
"Ah! 'Tis a good idea! They keep

serve you tastes good." Jane turned around and gave the

"I beg your pardon, but is there a waitress around the place that could

give me a little service?" Jane's lips twitched.

Where do you think you are-in a restaurant?" Jane inquired. "What would you like?" "I'm not very thirsty; just give me

a veal cutlet breaded, in a long glass." Jane's eyes snapped. "How will you with a straw or a spoon? "Neither," he answered. "Make It a He suddenly swayed and lurched over against me. I straighten-

ed him up and flipped a little water in his face. He opened his eyes. Make it a hypo so I can inject it," he finished. But Jane had a bowl of soup in front of him and milk toast, a chop d tea ordered before the little bo

had the water wiped off his face. A crowd came in and Jane was kept hopping for awhile. Only one ques-tion did she get time to ask. "Sick, buddy?" He shook his head. "Not any more

I caught the flu in Syracuse a month ago and the Doc advised the sunkissed beauties of Southern California

You could of done worse," Jane said, walking away. I knew she was of course, all expenses, including thinking of the K guy. "More tea?" Jane asked him when

"No. thanks. Where's your bouncer?"

What do you mean?" "I could walk out, of course, but I immediately." believe in making bouncers earn their

"You mean you're not going to pay for what you've eaten?"

"If the check was a nickel I you see? Furnishes the wherewithal

she shoved it and a pencil toward the she asked, easy. The little fellow looked at her then.
"K. A. Walker," he wrote.

"Thanks," said Jane. "What's the

K for?" "Kid, to you," said the little lad.
"All right, Kid;" she said, "Now,
listen, I'll leave word with Jake to takes off his coat, ties an apron give you a cup of coffee in the morn ing."

ady was in the hospital.

Big Bill Wysell, the headquarters HE looked up at her quickly, then Jane. But I'll have me a job before I get hungry again."
"A job?" Jane flashed me a look.

"You've got a job, Kid, if you want Wysell would like to see her." it," I said, 'helping me shoot film on the Idol lot. There's a hot bath and a cool bed waiting for you at my hotel, too. How about it?"

"I've croaked," said the little felto heaven. Come on, St. Peter. Goodnight, angel. I'm going to dream

Out he went, shaking his head, puzsled-like. "Will I locate Big Bill or one of

the boys from headquarters?" I whis-pered to Jane. Her gray eyes turned drink out of this cup?" lark and hard as slate. "If I hear Kid is the K guy, you're going to particular here.'

"Jane comes out in time to hear minutes later. By 11 the first choice thing Bill calls the any color in Jane's face.

"Don't be silly, Jane." take care of the Kid, Pete. Leave Kid.

"How's the Kid making out with plains it's a joke. Pete Stevens' new Luliston. There was to the company?" Jane asked me after helper, is he?" the Kid's first week.

"Aces. Tom Kush says he's going to make a director out of him and the boss threatens to put him in the

Jane's eyes glanced at the Kid chinning with Louis Spinola. "He's getting real plump, don't you think?"

I grinned. "He's fatter than this luck." here old Egyptian mummy the papers Kid out with a bunch that's going have been printing so much about." Billy Murray, the demon reporter, coming in for his usual cup of coffee told us: "I interviewed a decadent of his this afternoon."

He pointed to an article on the se the mummy, had stopped off for a few tour of the world he was making folmaking to capture him. He left a lowing his graduation from an English university.

WELL, naturally, Monday morning there were nineteen autos drawn

up in front of the prince's hotel, nineteen men inside inviting the jumps into the river and swims a prince to visit their own particular get-away in the dark. A week later studio, and, on the sidewalk, nineteen cameras focused on the front us leave for Tia Juana early Tuesdoors. When the prince finally emerg-New Orleans, San Antone, El ed with my boss, nineteen shutters Paso—the next stop is Los Angeles, started taking sixteen exposures per second of a dapper-dressed young putty colored gent with a vacant eye. "'Night, Pete. I'll drop you a postal Taking off his hat, he uncovered long cared from San Diego, Jane. I'm sleek black hair, parted in the midgoing down there on a week's job," dle and oiled down straight toward large, unornamental ears. And then he screwed a monocle into his offhelper quit me this afternoon. Find eye and emitted "Extraordin'ry" in

"So that's all that's left of a long line of kings," grinned the Kid at Jane walked toward the other my elbow. "Looking at a genuine end of the counter I turned Egyptian, I began to understand why "Looking at a genuine toward the door. Outside was a little Cleopatra fell for a foreigner. Why

in. His eyes were sunk back into his Idol company would soon be pulling head and his cheeks a little feverish. an Egyptian film, inspired by the pub-

> "We'll take the action scenes and him, "and fill out the rest of the picture with long shots of the pyramids, sacred Nile and any other suitable scenes we can buy from the news weekly companies' libraries. I sunpose the boss beat the bunch by asking the prince for his personal advice

and suggestions." "Kidding himself or the prince?" "Kidding nobody. The film we'll shoot today, following the prince all over our lot, will bring heavy you waiting here till anything they from aforementioned news weekly companies."

little chap a calm and cool look. He THE next afternoon we escorted our distinguished visitor into the projection room to show him how he coked to others. I was surprised to hear behind me in the dark room the boss's voice while the film was being

"I wish I knew some way to per suade your highness to play the leading part in my new picture. I realize that money is no object-

"My dear sir, the amount of money you offer would always be an object But it is the time, as I have ex-plained. I am due to sail upon the er, I forget the exact date. My secretary would know."

"Couldn't you postpone sailing?" the boss urged. "It will take our Mr. Kush not more than three weeks to complete the scenes ve here and another in Mexico." "Mexico?"

"There is a location a few miles from Tia Juana which is ideal for our purpose. It has the heat hase noticeable in all genuine Egyptian

desert film." "Fascinatingly interesting, course. But Mexico-it's dirty, I've

"I assure you your highness would not be uncomfortable. It would require no more than five days and

special Pullman or two for the cast will be borne by the company." "By jove, it would be rather a lark. I think—yes, I'll do it. I'll get a telegram off to Lord Moneto

"Of the the British legation a Washington. He's by way of being my sponsor here in this country, de couldn't pay a deposit on it," he and that sort of thing. By jove, mustn't neglect to inform my seco Jane rang up the amount of the tary to change sailing arrangements,

she took the money and tossed it into the till. Pulling out the receipt stub haven't any."

he shoved it and a pencil toward the little fellow.

"Can you spell your own, name?"

But, in the meantime Big Bill had be gave himself took him under without a splash.

"Up bobbed the Kid's head. In long,

"Last night there's some trouble in the kitchen and Jane goes out to around him and tosses a napkin under his arm when in blows Big seen and a lot more.

"'Where's Jane?' he asks. "'Behind the clock in Minnie's room,' cracks the kid.

"'That'll be about all of that,' Big Bill growls. 'Tell her Detective "'Oh, Detective Wysell. Yes, sir.

Can I give you a cup of coffee, deective, while you're waiting?"
"Bill grunts. The Kid i rattles around in the crockery and comes up low softly. "I've croaked and gone with a prize. The cup has a gouge in the rim like somebody has taken a bite out of it. And the saucerou can hear the loose pieces grate. The Kid fills the cup and shoves it all toward Bill.

"Bill looks at it-once. 'Hey!' he

"'Drink out of the saucer if you of you tipping off anybody that the want, the Kid fires back. 'We ain't

"'Oh' save Wysell, when Jane ex-

"'Yes,' says Jane, 'and, believe me, one grand little kidder.' "'Grand little kidder,' repeats Big

Bill slow. Then, for no reason at all." all, he smiles and holds out his hand. 'All right. No hard feelings. But you ought to be careful about fooling with cracked cups, Kid. It's bad "A minute later Jane chases the

that she's thought over his marrying man idea and it leaves her cold. "Listen, Pete, tip off the Kid not

to be pulling any funny stunts for pened you?" ond page, which announced the fact | Big Bill until he gets over his

the mummy, had stopped off for a few days in our beautiful city on the Kid that he'd acquired an enemy until it was too late.

The day's work called for some tense melodrama on and around an Egyptianed scow anchored near Santa Monica. Tom Kush had run things right up to the last scenes, an exciting rescue stunt, and decided he had time to finish up with the prince to visit their own particular ship stuff that day. That would let

day morning. "Now, prince," Tom explained to Ptolemy Ptarmigan, "your sweet-heart, Miss Morris here, jumps overboard to escape the villain. You break away from the slaves holding you, rush over to the rail here, jump up on it and dive in after her." The prince looked down at the

heaving ocean twelve or fourteen "My dear chan, I can't dive.

"Well, then, jump in," said Kush "It doesn't make much difference." "But I-I can't swim, you see," announced his royal joblots, feeling for his monocle and not finding it. "That's all right," Tom insisted. "That's all right," Tom insisted the message that came for you. Rot-

life-preservers and you can hang on till the boat picks you up." "Is-really, you know-is the scene

close-ups here in California," I told absolutely necessary?" He coughed. "I've a touch of cold-"Very well, your highness," said moving Pullman. He sat down at the the Sphinx, the muddy banks of the Tom. "I'll get some one to double for you. All you'll have to do is rur

across the deck and jump on the His eve fell on the Kid. "Can you swim?"

"Want to double for the prince?" "Sure," the Kid grinned. Later he appeared on deck in the

rince's costume, a little black false mustache on his lip contrasting ing pointedly at the two ten-dollar omically with his light hair. "Oil your hair and part it in the middle," Tom told him. "When it's oiled and wet it will photograph as

dark as the prince's." "Take your places," Tom called.

stranger's bill; from her apron pocket | Oh, I say, you musn't expect his- | Kid didn't jump-he just lifted himself off the rail and floated far out in a swan dive. The little side-roll

> returned to Los Angeles and found, strong strokes he cut through the how thick the Kid and Jane had be- swells toward Morris. They splashed around terrifically for a minute before starting toward shore.

> fix it," according to Flash Fanchon. the Kid helped Morris in and then started swimming alongside it. Only it wasn't swimming. It was all the water stunts and clowning I'd ever

I was telling .some of the boys about it early that night at T-Bone's the Kid volunteering to take my camera out and turn in my film for me, when Big Bill Wysell dropped fn. "A water-dog, eh?" Bill quietly left the place. Then I remembered about the K guy jumping into the

"WHERE'S the Kid?" Jane asked when she came on duty.
"He should have been here twenty minutes ago," I said. Something in my expression made her ask, sharp, "Is the Kid in trouble?

river in San Antone.

"He wasn't the last time I saw him. He---" It was no use. I told her about Big Bill and everything as oothingly as I could. Eight o'clock-half-past-9 o'clock.

Still no sign of the Kid. I rang up the studio. The Kid had come in about 6 and left fifteen or twenty "Jane comes out in time to hear minutes later. By 11 there wasn't "Don't be silly, Jane," I told her.

"Everything's all right." "Is it?" she asked "Von know my little sister-worked at the switchboard at the C- Hotel?" I nodded. "They let her out this afternoon, without giving her any reason at

"Well?" "Big Bill's cousin is the house detective there."

A few minutes before 12. Jane whispered, "listen Pete, will you ring up headquarters and-She stopped dead, her ever glued or down to the beach, which gives her the door. Lurching through it, stumthe chance to tell Big Bill, quiet, bling and feeling around like a blind

"Kid!" Jane had him in her arms before any of us moved. "What hap-

"They gave me the worksquarters," mumbled the Kid. "Janie. dear, would you get a cold towel for my eyes? I've been looking into a hundred watt lamp for three hours." "For what?" Jane asked, as a couple of the boys leaped for the

"They said the writing on the check writing."

"Big Bill." "Sadie," she called to the older your taxi. Pete, you'll stay here with Sadie till closing time, won't you? should have telegraphed it instead of putting me under obligations me to my mother." The next morning I was thinking

about Jane and the Kid when I entered the studio. The girl at the what I'll owe you after your week switchboard stopped me. "Some woman phoned a few min-

the Kid wouldn't be out to the studio

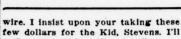
today." she said. In the office with the boss was the "Good morning, Pete." the boss nodded. "The prince stammered, em-barrassed, "I couldn't avoid hearing

"Oh, I don't imagine so," I said. "The exposure—his long immersion in the water-and he but recently recovered from flu"-he broke off. "I feel a keen sense of responsibility;

he was substituting for me, do you see? Do you think he might accep from me at least his doctor and nurse fees?" He drew a wallet from his "Sure." I said. The prince extracted from the wal-

let a few small folded papers and some large bills. Laying the papers on the desk he counted out two hun dred and fifty dollars and held it to-"You're too generous," I said look-

bills which were all that was left of He shrugged his shoulders. "That's quite all right. My secretary—silly beggar-settled and closed all my accounts before cashing the usual



smiled. "What was the size of the might be able to cash it for you."

The prince unfolded one of the

papers on the desk, stamped with the British embassy seal. "Twenty-five hundred dollars." "Oh, that's all right," the boss said.

"Indorse it and I'll send a boy right rail of the ship. down to my bank with it." "Oh, I say, please don't trouble-

waitress. "you take my place behind the counter. Louis"—to Spinola—"get Languidly the prince started writing the counter. Louis"—to Spinola—"get Languidly the prince started writing the counter. should have telegraphed it instead The boss interrupted with a laugh.

"There's no obligation, prince.

amount of this check is just about in Tia Juana. That's all the protection I need." From the expression on the prince's empty face you couldn't tell, as he going to be insulted or not when the roll out on him."

boss's words should finally sink in. "By jove," he said after a moment, "I didn't think of that. Our contract, of course. Weirdly practical, you Americans; what?" opened the door and dragged himself studio I explained to the Kid that the soon as you hit the water I'll cut little fellow. I hope it's nothing seri- lunch hour. I'd salved my conscience lunch hour. I'd salved my conscience

for taking the money by convincing myself that the prince would never miss it and really wouldn't care whether it was spent for the Kid's loctor or lawyer bills. Jane's sister answered the ring.

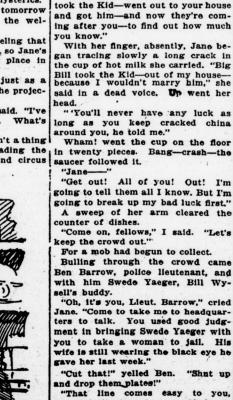
"Oh, yes, Mr. Stevens," she said. "Jane left for Frisco this morning on | hind him. ousiness for-you know.

"How is he today?" "Kidding my mother into hysterics." "Tell him I'll be out tomorrow with--" Then I spilled the welcome tidings.

But Sunday I had the feeling that ome one was following me, so Jane's louse was about the only place in Late Monday afternoon, just as a

tion room, Jane appeared.
"Come on in with me," I said. "I've got to look at some film. What's "Just this. Pete. There isn't a thing!

check from Lord Monocton. He's try-Up and over went Morris. The ing to arrange that now, over the Kid. He's a vaudeville and circus saucer followed it.



THE KID AND JANE WERE RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS AT

really identify and alibi him-they sailed for Australia last Saturday." I told her about the two-fifty gift. Listen; let's retain a good lawyer with that jack, and go straight to pecting something.

Chief Rogers. He's square and fair "Listen, Swede," she called after Chief Rogers. He's square and fair

Jane leaned forward in her seat. "That—the prince?"

As she looked the film jumped to the shot of the Kid standing on the the one I'm going to marry-all in "Watch his dive," I whispered. Then

ame the footage showing him cutting through the swells, reaching Miss Morris and starting with her toward shore. Then flashed on the screen a fairly close-up shot of the Kid. He his head stuck up so his wet hair was car.

Out stepped Prince Ptolemy Ptarmistaring up with a silly vacant ex- gan of Cairo, Egypt, and right alongression, his mouth hanging opened. "I thought you said the prince

Where did that come from?"

answered, "and when the Kid passed stared at the boss, whether he was on his way to the ship I wound the "I see." Turning around, I found Jane gone—so quietly I hadn't heard

her leave the dark room. "She went out," the gateman told me, "and got into the taxi with Silent Sam Simmons and Louis Spinola."

IT was just half-past 7 when turned the corner to T-Bone's Behind me, running fast, came little

Flash Fanchon. "Come on, Pete," he called. "You can help. I got into T-Bone's two jumps be

"Jane!" Flash shouted. She came out of the kitchen.
"Beat it," Flash whispered. "Teey've took the Kid-went out to your hous and got him-and now they're com-

you know.' With her finger, absently, Jane be gan tracing slowly a long crack in the cup of hot milk she carried. "Big Bill took the Kid—out of my house— because I wouldn't marry him," she few of us were going into the projec- said in a dead voice. Up went her

"'You'll never have any luck a long as you keep cracked china scrupulous dealers in antiquities will around you, he told me." Wham! went the cup on the floor to keep them from railroading the in twenty pieces. Bang-crash-the

> going to tell them all I know. But I'm amelled ewer, with the dish on which going to break up my bad luck first." A sweep of her arm cleared the "Come on, fellows," I said. "Let's ewer. When everything else had been For a mob had begun to collect.

> with him Swede Yaeger, Bill Wysell's buddy. "Oh, it's you, Lieut. Barrow," cried Jane. "Come to take me to headquar ters to talk. You used good judg ment in bringing Swede Yaeger with you to take a woman to jail. His jolica pieces. He visited her house

gave her last week." "Cut that!" yelled Ben. and drop them plates!" "That line comes easy to you, doesn't it, lieutenant; your wife keeps ou in practice saying it."

Ben reached the door. A plate splintered at his feet. "Stand back!" commanded Jane 'I'm going to tell about the check you split with the Greek bootlegger in your precinct-

"Go get Wysell," bawled Ben to

"Go get Wysell," echoed Jane. "I want to tell about the jail sentence he framed on Silent Sam Simmons be cause he thought he could steal that little Mexican dancer from him if princely sum for the ewer. Suddenly I realized that she was ex-

Jaoger, "tell Big Bill to bring his affair.

tired out after having to subdue an old woman and a little fellow like one end of the counter at T-Bone's. "How did you work it out?" I final-

"Now, listen, Jane-A motor horn squawked around the corner. Pressing through the crowd, reckless, came Louis Spinola in his

taxi. "Gangway!" he shouted, jumping of New Orleans, San Antone and El was lying on his back in the water, down he flung open the door of his

side him Silent Sam Simmons. The

"Come and get him, lieutenant."

point of the bulge in Sam's coat pocket never wandered from his royal swimmer. Let the prince wouldn't "The prince? That's the Kid's," I highness' shortribs. Right into the get himself wet. His color would I hollered back to Sid, restaurant they brushed. "Here he is, Jane," said Sam, cold

> Jane called Barrow. "Here's your K had something more definite than a guy. And remember, you got him putty-colored hunch to make you turn "The K guy!" Barrow's eyes were "That's the Egyptian

> "Are you going to argue, or do I ing for good, he just couldn't resist take him to headquarters myself."

"Listen, Jane—"
"Look out!" I yelled. For a second, Sam's gun had wavered. In that second the prince jumped toward the kitchen door. Jane whirled around. A soup bowl

"Open his collar," Jane said. "Now will you believe me?" Three inches below his collar, the putty color ended in skin as white as any man's. Jane poured a little salad the hair over his temple. In a minute she showed us a black smudge on

the napkin. "Hair dye," she said

Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Rome, visited Castellani's shop

ewer. The baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy

the lot of which it was a part. The

there was no ewer to stand on the dish and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who

wished to sell several beautiful ma-

order refreshments, and the baron saw

When the lady returned the baron

asked permission to examine the ewer.

It was brought out and the baron

saw that the enamel was of the same

bought. He wished, however, to be certain that the foot of the ewer

ould fit into the hollow of the dish.

The baron went back to his rooms,

that the foot of the ewer fitted per-

fectly. The next day the baron sent

the agent to offer the old lady a

at last the widow's scruples were

overcome.

through the open door of a bedroom a

"Pardon—to us," piped up the Kid.
"Ah, Mr. Walker," Jane turned to treaked through the air. Thud! The prince went down like a log. him, smiling affectedly, "did I hear you inviting the boys to a cup of coffee on the \$250 the prince gave-"'Tis a good idea," laughed the Kid. oil on a napkin and began rubbing Then with a wink at the gang, he said. "And listen, don't give me no

cracked cup. "Try and find one," Jane laughed.

ly asked Jane. "What started you?"
She laughed. "The picture of the

Kid floating in the water. I thought

ested in playing in the picture he was

until the boss mentioned Mexico.

Right away he saw the easiest way

imaginable to cross the border.
"I knew the K guy was a crack

run. Then I ran out and asked Sam

"But, listen," I said, "you must have

course I had. You told me

and Louis to locate the prince and

about it-the British embassy check;

the check for \$2,500. Before escap-

"K check?" I repeated, puzzled.

"It wasn't a K check he gave the

boss. Moncton is spelled with a 'c.'"

Jane slowly smiled. "You've got to

admit it sounds like a 'k.' Anyway

the prince over to the police.'

passing one more K check."

the reward belongs to me."

"In a flash I remembered a lot of

it was the prince.

bring him here."

## The prince shuddered, groaned and Wealth From Waste Gas. When Rothschild Paid. HERE is an illustration of the

BY a process of refrigeration there has been found a way to obtain tricks in trade to which unexceedingly valuable products from the natural gas that flows from oil resort to get large prices for their wells. Heretofore the gas has been wares. The two parties were Alessallowed to escape into the air, as no andro Castellani, a clever dealer, and means were at hand to utilize it, and Cas Castellani had a superb enit is claimed that the enormous quantity of 1,000,000,000 cubic feet is it stood. The baron, on arriving in going to waste in the oil fields in the world every day. This is apwas shown the enamelled dish and proximately equal in heat and power producing qualities to 1,000,000 bushinspected Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the els of coal.

While the extraction of gasoline from natural gas by compression is baron paid heavily, lamenting that a commercial process well known, but few as yet have tried the method by refrigeration. It is asserted that by this latter method all the value of the gas is secured, while by the other methods the greater part is lost.

One refrigeration plant of the sort installed in California is said to have wife is still wearing the black eye he and was disappointed, as the majolica installed in California is said to have a daily capacity of 50,000 cubic feet was not fine enough. The old lady, of gas, from which high-grade gaso"Cut that!" yelled Ben. "Shut up seemilgly chagrined, left the room to line is extracted at the rate of two line is extracted at the rate of two and a half gallons to 1,500 feet of gas. ewer, covered by a glass shade, on which rested a wreath of immortelles. ice-making machine. Here the ga flows by its own pressure from a capers ranging from 15 degrees below work as that of the dish he had ingly low temperature. In various containers, each with its different degrees of cold, are precipitated gasoline of from 60 to 94 per cent gravity had the dish unpacked and found exceedingly valuable products, rhigolene, cymogene and methane are obtained.

Rhigolene is a wonderful product which has a high value, more than \$5 rincely sum for the ewer. He which has a high rought back a refusal to sell. But per gallon, and of which marvelous the last the widow's scruples were properties are claimed. It has a boiling point of 256 degrees below zero, Castellani had planned the whole and hence possesses great refrigerating qualities.

